

## Rose-Hulman Institute of Technology Rose-Hulman Scholar

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Rose Thorn Staff

*Rose-Hulman Institute of Technology*, [library@rose-hulman.edu](mailto:library@rose-hulman.edu)

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# H<sup>TEH</sup>OSE THRON

HOSE-RULMAN INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

HERRE TAUTE, OUTDIANA

APRIL FOOLS' DAY, 2009

HOSE-RULMAN.EDU/THRON/

VOLUME 43, ISSUE 21

## News Briefs

By Dona *audampfschiffahrtskapi*  
*tänsmütz*

### Babama solves Outdiana town's ills

President Orack Babama visited Herre Taute, Outdiana this week, marking his first visit since becoming president. In his long-awaited visit, Babama was able to solve the ills that have plagued the Outdiana town for years. Babama cleansed the river of all pollutants with a single tear from his eye, restoring the Rabash River to its never-before-seen glory; its sandy beaches and clear blue water now rival those of the Caribbean islands. After thanking the town for their support, he left the city to solve the ills plaguing Larry, Outdiana, and local citizens realized the air had been cleansed and filtered, and the roads have been repaved, leaving no potholes anywhere within the entire city limits. Mayor Buke Dennett said all citizens of Herre Taute may receive a free President Babama youPod by visiting city hall.

### Fussin' president killed

Following a freak hunting accident in Roscow, Fussin' President Medmitry Dvedev is dead. Dvedev was accidentally killed in a snipe hunt with Prime Minister Pladimir Vutin. Officials have announced that the pair were hunting snipe, and were armed with claymores. Vutin has stated that Dvedev was startled and jumped backwards onto Vutin's claymore, killing him. Vutin said he was "shocked and dismayed" over the death of his longtime friend and political partner. Following the state funeral, Vutin plans to ask the electorate to approve constitutional changes, permitting Vutin to serve as president indefinitely, saying "It's how Dvedev would want it to happen."

### West Korean rocket actually papier-mâché

Following days of heightened global concern and around-the-clock news coverage, officials are reporting the West Korean rocket is no longer a major concern. When asked about this new development, officials said "We are now convinced it is merely a papier-mâché rocket, designed to fool us into thinking it is real." Officials said that the material of the rocket was identified after intense review of aerial photographs revealed the camouflage paint to be papier-mâché; the typically smooth sheet metal was bumpy and creased. West Korean officials responded, "it does not matter what the capitalists claim, our rocket will be fired."

#### Pristine Rice

*Minister of Truth*

Carcer Hern, former junior mechanical engineer, was shot today by Zebbidiah Haze as he was walking on the grass during his journey from SBS to Matfield Hall. Witnesses, after the initial shock, applauded, and congratulated Haze on both his decision and his good marksmanship. "I remember being told not to walk on the grass when I was a freshman," said witness June Summers, junior software engineer. "But it seems that kids these days just don't understand respect. This year we've had graffiti, slashed tires, and laptop theft. And now students walking on the grass? Where will it end? I'm glad somebody is finally putting their foot down."

Hern, who had nine minutes to get to his Hose Chorus practice and thus had plenty of time to take the approved concrete paths, had been asked once before by Haze to respect the vegetation of Hose-Rulman. Only two weeks ago, he had been lying near Scum Pond, reading a book, and destroying the precious greenery, both by squishing it and by blocking its access to sunlight. Despite that previous warning, Hern persisted with today's flagrant violation of Hose culture. This, according to Zebediah Haze, was "just too

much."

"I respect every student's right to make their own decisions when it comes to transportation," said the director of resident life, "but only so long as it maintains the long history of excellence that is maintained by Hose-Rulman. When I saw him walking on the grass today I knew that he would never understand what it truly means to be a Rose student. Some may ask, 'Is this really the most effective way to stop those that seek to hurt Hose-Rulman?' and to them I answer: will Carcer Hern ever destroy vegetation at this great institute again?"

Haze hopes this will be a "lesson to others that plan to destroy our school, one step at a time," and noted that, "next time, maybe students will choose to travel by a Hu-



Pointy McShoot / Hose Thron

*A squirrel frolicking in the grass around Hose-Rulman. The Hose-Rulman administration would like to make it clear following this tragic incident that while squirrels are welcomed on the campus grass, students are not. To quote Mr. Zebbidiah Haze: "We mean it. Really. It's not that hard. Just say no to grass. If you don't say no to grass, we will find you... just like we found Mr. Hern."*

man Powered Vehicle, or moped. On designated paths, of course." When public safety was asked about whether or not charges will be pressed, Sergeant Angua stated, "I won't officially say we condone vigilantism. But I will note that non-guilty students were in no danger, because of Zebbidiah Haze's steady

hand, and because this act has not decreased the safety of law abiding students, no charges are to be pressed."

Counseling for those grieving the grass lost when Hern mercilessly took one last stab at Rose-Hulman by letting his body fall heavily on the ground is available in the Rulman Union.

## SWASPE opens HRIT chapter

#### Com Truise

*Minority Reporter*

The Society of White Anglo-Saxon Protestant Engineers, or SWASPE, is hoping to open a chapter at Hose-Rulman. The organization would be a group for white male engineering majors, a surprisingly underrepresented majority at HRIT. "Most people say they are surprised to learn that there is no organization that caters to that specific demographic," said Tweeds McHenry, founder of the Purdon't chapter of SWASPE.

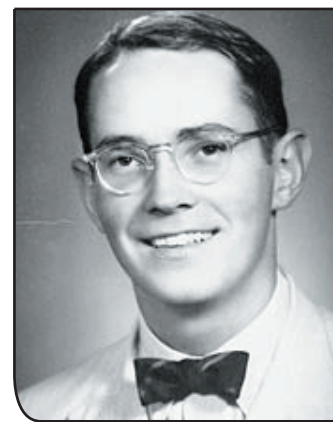
The group would mainly focus on campus and com-

munity service, McHenry said, though the secondary goal of the group would be to get drunk and fail to pick up girls. "It would be something like a state fraternity in that respect."

Student reactions to the announcement were mixed. "Sounds interesting," That One Guy said. "My College and Life Skills prof said I needed more extracurriculars to pad my résumé." Others, however, were not so enthusiastic: one student called the idea "really stupid," and eight out of six Hose girls interviewed described McHenry as "a creep-er." "And he's from Purdon't!" one added.

Most white male engineers

seemed to feel that the group would not be necessary at Hose, where they can join clubs based on their interest in activities. Disappointed, McHenry decided instead to go back to Purdon't and start a Pretentious Sitting in Armchairs and Smoking Unnecessarily Long Tobacco Pipes Club. "Either that or a Being Overly Interested in Football and Being Generally Obnoxious Society," he added.



Pointy McShoot / Hose Thron

*Mr. Tweeds McHenry, founder of the Purdon't chapter of SWASPE. Dissatisfied with the failure of his attempts to start a chapter of SWASPE, Mr. McHenry returned to Purdon't to form a club around his passion for sitting pretentiously in armchairs and smoking very long pipes. He's quite the party animal.*

## In this issue of the Hose Thron...

OLDS

3



Hairspray: the revolution

Has anyone seen my...



4  
NAP TIME

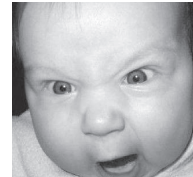
RANTS

6



Sharp pointy goodness

400 ANGRY BABIES!



7  
BALLS

We have charts?

8  
FLIPSIDE

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No microwaves allowed

Farmer du Cats  
Undead Editor

We can all agree that humans have been in charge for a very long time. We also know that all good things must come to an end. With these facts in mind, and assuming you believe that humans running things around here is a good thing, it is easy to think that someday we, as humans, will lose control of this planet. Sadly, I must inform everyone that this day is not as far off as we once thought.

Indeed, humans will no longer be the dominant species on this fine planet we call Earth. To briefly sum it up: There is an asteroid on a path headed directly towards us at this very second. In a few days' time it will collide with Earth, and life as we know it will cease to exist. However, there is still hope; everything is not destined to be wiped out. The key to your survival lies in the furry little paws of the greatest domesticated house pet. Of course, that means cats.

You may be thinking to yourself right now, "Cats?" Don't worry, this is completely normal. It is always hard to grasp such drastic ideas when they are first presented. It is true, though, that cats hold the key to your survival. Their species alone knows where to hide from the asteroid as it strikes, and how to survive after everything has been destroyed. With this information, you, as an informed citizen of planet Earth, have four options.

First, create a friendship or continue a friendship with a cat of



Farmer du Cats/ Farmer du Cats

How could you not want him as a friend?

your choice. This is by far the most logical choice. Cats are friendly, cute, and soft. Who wouldn't want to be friends with something like that? Also, because most humans are going to be destroyed soon, the next generation of leaders is most likely going to be one of your feline friends. It's always nice to network.

Second, pretend to be friends with a cat of your choice. This option is not suggested whatsoever, but it is a path that some choose. You're not a very nice person if you pretend to be friends with someone, but if that's what you want it's your choice. Don't be surprised if the cat you are "befriending" sees through your guise they are clever little creatures and leads you to your death in return.

Third, try to follow a cat when the end is upon us. Though this option may work if you find a highly distracted cat who happens to be blind and deaf, it is not usually easy to follow a cat without them being aware of it. Should it catch you, may whatever god you pray to have mercy on your soul.

Fourth, attempt to survive on your own. Though I suppose this is commendable, the fact that you haven't befriended a cat and refuse help from them negates the commendation. You can try this option, but don't be surprised if it doesn't work out so well for you.

Now you have all the information you need to survive impending doom. Good luck, and may you enjoy a long happy life under feline rule.

HOW TO:

Ona Boat

Everyone seems to be talking about the economy. Numbers flash on the television, telling us how many people are claiming unemployment. This is scary, even for Hose students as they look for jobs. To help quell those fears, here is an explanation of how to using your Hose education creatively. Remember, the path to your career of choice can be crooked, which just adds filler to your resume.

We'll start with the Applied Biology majors, since they need help finding jobs even in times of prosperity. Do you like the sun? Do you enjoy being outside and working with plants? Why not start a career as a gardener? While it may feel like this job is beneath you, think about it. Depending on where you live, you could work for wealthy people who will give you fabulous Christmas bonuses. You might also fall for their child and marry into wealth, never needing to play in the dirt again. A fallback career to consider is People Watching. You can examine people anywhere and later, when you get a career in a lab, testing human brains and seeing why people act as they do, you can recall your experience in the mall and the humans behind the science.

Landscaping is the perfect career for an out-of-work Civil. You can design the perfect setting for an outdoor wedding, verifying that the columns of the Huppa are firmly in place before the prayer shawl is suspended from it or ensuring that the bridge over the pond to the altar doesn't collapse. You'll never be out of work as a landscaper, so long as you can guarantee the grotto you create won't "go Cerpopo" in a few years. If landscaping doesn't work out for you, you can always fall back on a career as a funhouse designer. Make sure the little kiddies don't fall through any unplanned trap doors, and you could be rolling in the dough.

For all you aspiring Mechanical Engineers out there, I have a retro idea: put down your Halo controllers and Rock Band guitars and become a Gizmos and Gadgets Champion. While you may not be able to make money off this idea, it will entertain you and keep your skills sharp until the economy is back to normal and you can find a job. You can still be a champion and impress your friends by abandoning your job search in favor of playing games. You don't even need a fallback plan for this life choice.

The next career option is really for two majors: Math and Eco-

nomics. They are interconnected, meant to be like peanut butter and bananas, like me and failing math tests, like...well, you get the picture. For these two majors I suggest either becoming the next Nostradamus or a Corner Prophet. For all you double majors out there, become both! Use your math skills to predict the next natural disaster, just like in the movie Knowing. Use your superior knowledge of the economy to heckle the people on the street with \$12 lattes. With these skills, you will be the talk of the town, since people cross to the other side of the street rather than walk next to you.

The next two career paths take the student to Vegas. Optical Engineers who can't seem to find the right job could always moonlight as magicians on the Strip. Try to avoid working with tigers, however, as they are more malicious than a Hose Girl describing a creeper. For Electrical Engineers, your career path is inside the casino. No, you aren't gambling; you're rigging the slot machines. Those of you who have seen any of the Haitian's movies know that a simple pattern can make

a machine spit out thousands of dollars, but what if you could just rig the machine through the circuits? There would be no need to waste twenty dollars setting up the pattern, only to

have some fifty year old woman steal your machine while you are getting more chips.

I saved my own major, Chemical Engineering, for last, since this is the most dangerous alternate career choice. Did you get turned down by Lilly and Pfizer? Did you plan an entire life around living in Indianapolis and already purchase Colts season tickets? Well, sell them and get ready to live in the sunshine, because a position for a Mexican Drug Lord has opened up. You may ask: But won't that get me killed? Aren't there enough cocaine lords across the border? You, however, are not thinking critically. Why not use your knowledge of chemical compounds and reactors to begin manufacturing a new drug south of the border? Drug lords won't bother you as long as you don't try to cross into their market, and the police are easily bribed. So buy yourself a Spanish ranch house in a secure compound and start your factory.

Hopefully these hints will help guide you on your job search. Don't settle for a boring job just to please your parents. Remember, if you end up not liking a job, you can always come back to Hose for grad school.

But won't that get me killed? Aren't there enough cocaine lords across the border?

Perversion Pervasiveness



Pristine Rice  
Minister of Truth

We all know that life at college is a little more "free" than what we are used to back home. But I never expected Hose-Rulman to be such a perverse hotbed of vice and sin.

One need only look at the classes offered at Hose-Rulman to understand what sort of ideas are taught. MOMS? Great, let's encourage unwed women to bear children. MEATBALLS? Oh, awesome, nothing like a quarter studying male genitalia! AIDS? I love classes where you aren't allowed to pass unless you get a deadly, incurable disease!

But the classes are not the only culprits. This culture of sin has in-

fectured even the clubs. AXE, an organization which requires members to kill at least two people with an axe before they can initiate, is very popular among those whose brains have been warped by toxic fumes in the chemistry labs. Ballroom, a club whose name needs no explanation, recently offered a class that taught students (both those who were single and those in a relationship) about "swinging." INK, which encourages students to "express their creativity" by acquiring tattoos, has the support of not only many students, but most of the professors in the HSS department. Most notorious of all, however, is the HPV team. This team of mostly mechanical engineers encourages members to be amateur biologists, and create a fast strain of the Human Papilloma Virus. The team, which frequently travels to other states to see who has the best HPV, luckily has trouble with funding. "It's as if companies would prefer to support things like EcoCar, instead of HPV, even though HPV works to not only reduce man's carbon emissions, but prevent them entirely," said the team president, Jeff

Seanzien, when I asked him about HPV. "Although, we produce plenty of other emissions. If you know what I mean."

While the school attempted to improve the school's virtue by cancelling the "Shoot People with Rifles" team and the "Practice Having Violent Gay Sex on Giant Mats" team, it's really only the first step towards redemption. We at least know where to look for direction: the Geek community. These "secret societies" have a long history at Hose. There are many different organizations, all with names derived from the letters that frequently appear in mathematical equations. Each group has a house, where members can sequester themselves away from the deplorable moral state that exists on campus, and each group recruits new members each year by showing interested students the pleasures that can be derived from a quiet Saturday night spent playing chess, and the rewards that can be reaped avoiding the temptations offered by the opposite sex. Truly, these Geeks are our only hope in an increasingly dark world.

Free verse to the Editor

Jacqueminot Roses  
Lined up before the storm  
Looking eagerly towards refreshing rain  
Only to find lightning

Lies smilingly served by lying silver,  
To be tested and torn,  
And found inadequate  
Then deposited inelegantly  
With their rotating fellow castoffs

Feeble cries for help  
Scribbled in a space too small  
Left fluttering, waiting for replies  
Won't you listen?  
Sebastian is ignored.

Tuesday  
Best day of the year  
Is yet no competition  
To the pleasure that comes Thursday nights

Time too short  
Their barrel of poison  
Is closed before the suicidal masses  
Can climb inside

Relief can only be sought  
In the sordid public transport of New York  
Or among the proud denizens of Italy  
Queuing for ages, for temporary escape  
Delicious.

Editor's Reply:

I'm sorry you feel that way about the RAR. I don't find it that bad. But I agree that B-Dubs Thursdays are better than bacon cheeseburgers.



# Search committee announces semi-finalists for Hose interim presidency



**Zeorge Gimmer**  
**Administrative experience:** President, Men's Wearhouse  
**First priority at Hose-Rulman:** Replace plaid jackets with stylish, affordable menswear  
**Worst case scenario:** "You won't like the way the budget looks. I guarantee it."

Cill Blinton

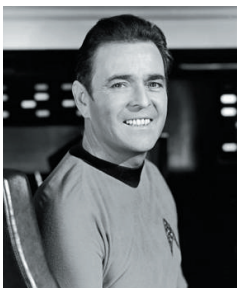
**Administrative experience:** President, United States of America  
**First priority at Hose-Rulman:** Relocate Admin offices to BSB 3  
**Worst case scenario:** "Indeed, I did have a relationship with Miss Riding-A-Fish that was not appropriate."



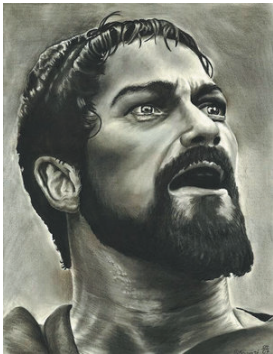
**Parah Salin**  
**Administrative experience:** Governor, Alaska  
**First priority at Hose-Rulman:** Drill for oil in J.L. Case Wetland  
**Worst case scenario:** Funding cut from Civils' Bridge to Nowhere design competition

Sontgomery Mcott

**Administrative experience:** Chief Engineer, USS Enterprise  
**First priority at Hose-Rulman:** Sustainability grants for new Transporter Lab  
**Worst case scenario:** Facilities workers maimed in dilithium heating plant accident



**Ahom Tdams**  
**Administrative experience:** Associate Professor, Mechanical Engineering  
**First priority at Hose-Rulman:** Compulsory IM yoga  
**Worst case scenario:** Institute Meeting disrupted by display of gleaming, oiled pecs



## Texter's Guide to Baby Names

Badley Brurchett  
Learn! Kthxbye

K8 = Kate  
K@ = Kat  
)-at+y = Penny  
. = Dorothy  
Le-a = Ledasha  
Lu = Ella  
H2O = River  
;-)-s = Miles  
JF = Jeff  
vP's = Prince  
&-sand = Amber  
!-a-! = Bing  
N@ = Nat  
N8 = Nate  
K+7-s = 'Kevin'  
#a = Sharpay  
%-ent+y = Percy  
^--at+ol = Carol  
>-chev = Ron  
>-ron+y = Chevy  
!0isc = Tennessee

# Top "10" Ten Ways to stay awake during a seminar

**"Slosh" Holden**  
*That one guy in every seminar*

10. Write a list of the top ten ways to stay awake during a seminar.
9. Learn something important in your field of study. (Just kidding.)
8. Use your laptop to email/IM/Facebook/play solitaire/hack federal databases.
7. Wish you had brought your laptop so you could email/IM/Facebook/play solitaire/hack federal databases.
6. Imagine what (the speaker/somebody in the room/everybody in the room/yourself/someone else entirely) would look like naked.
5. Write the great American novel/love song/technical report/network protocol. (Bonus points if you put it in a text message.)
4. Finish the homework/reading/lecture notes due next hour.
3. Translate the abstract of the talk into Japanese/Klingon/Pig Latin/Symbolic Logic.
2. Draw a picture of your dream car/robot/significant other/chemical reaction.
1. Wake up! You're giving the seminar!

## Wacky Student quotes

"This is not breakfast food."  
— a student in Prof. Massman's class, holding a half-eaten Ding Dong. Sometimes it's hard to watch them grow up.

"Do you know how busy I am? I have reading and writing for your class, PLUS all of my Rose classes..." — a student in one of Prof. Minster's Rose classes.

"Is a botanist someone who likes to play bocce ball?" — a student in Prof. Bowden's class. Don't ask what he thinks a sextuplet is.

"I didn't come to Rose to be challenged!" — a student in Prof. Berry's class, prompting diabolic laughter.

"There are going to be a lot of rich alumni coming. It is not polite to not finish the beer they shove down our throats." — a student in Prof. Mohan's class, on the horrors of Homecoming.

"Wow! That's both the most fascinating and most boring thing I've ever seen." — a student in Prof. Clifton's class, breathless with indifference.

"Well, if it helps, I think it should be a very small deduction." — a student in Prof. VanSchoiack's class, generously offering grading advice on his own exam.

"You don't need a personal life." — the same student in Prof. VanSchoiack's class, always on the lookout for more very small deductions.

"If you'll believe me, it's in my other pants." — another student in Prof. VanSchoiack's class, faced with his own very small deduction.

## Distinctly Unwacky Student Quotes

"Did we do anything important in class today?"  
&  
"Can you tell us what's going to be on the test?"  
— every student in every professor's class ever, but submitted this year by Profs. Anderson and Coronell. The answers are "no," and "no," in no particular order.

# Seating Chart for All Your Classes

On Facebook   Smelly   Openly hostile   Thinks he's gangsta

Furry   80<sup>th</sup> level Paladin   Way too into hentai   Writes Firefly slashfic

Impenetrable wall of fraternity logo baseball caps   That One Guy

Fantasize about professor (harmless crush)   (violent revenge)   Blurter   Curve-killer

ROTC guy   Asleep   Hung over   Still drunk

Actual women: exciting, but scary!   Texting under desk   Muttering to self

Exotic facial hair   Future CEO   Near-porn desktop background   Owns only RHA T-shirts

Desks serve no purpose: no one sits here.

Professor

Inside the Flipside